

## *A Legend*

My glory's height is worth of a king  
deposed in its kingdom of dwarfs

I don't know what rank I'll have in the kingdom of dead  
I think of it in the shape of a heart  
and colored with indian summer read

I am not sad Neither I'm happy  
My people of words has no sea to go over,  
it has to be content with the emptiness eating slowly to them

I'll seal that little universe with a last,  
crawling smile, tempting to another world

## **A Walk In The Afternoon**

Old emotions are lined up on the shelves of scattered remembrances  
Walking, emotionless, through your life,  
something between museum & natural reservation,  
tearing you off in calendar files,  
the bed linen in which later shrouded  
I'll dream, I'll sweat, I'll dry

## **All Laid Sieges Are Over**

Musty libraries along flowered avenues  
in the old city, with old people  
eager to look younger -  
Poem lines are their crutches  
A walk in the afternoon gently recalls  
morning reminiscences

All laid sieges are over  
"Victory", "defeat" and "next" are  
deleted words in the memory

## Eclipse

"The prison is not outside my body, not outside my memory  
There is no guardian to look upon me,  
except my troubled sleep

All around, a chaos of voices,  
swallowed up, one by one, in the black hole of my silence

Above the Great Gate stands *Träumen macht frei*  
shrouded in the blue of a future sky..."

This is all the detainee has left  
on his shadow projected on the wall

## *Flood*

Rain

Fogged mind

Lightening & thunder

Memory flashes

Speechless

Blurred vision

Enlightening thought

Lights on Lights off

Another chance is lost But not

in the history textbook

Either way, tomorrow will be fine

To be or not to be -

a no-go question

Doomed, benighted people

*Good morning, motherland!*

*Aux armes, citoyens!*

*Make love, not war!*

*Open mind, heart & borders!*

*Welcome to Utopia!*

*Let the beer flow!*

*No more blood spilling!*

Whatever, the rain will wash it

It would be nice if

tomorrow will be fine

It's raining

All over the place

It's raining

## *Much Ado About Nothing*

There is no way, says the guardian

There is only one, stentorize the priest, or the politician

There are many, quips the philosopher

And the actor impersonates them all, one by one

Under a lemon tree, the child is reading

(nobody knows what is it, it is hard to see through a fairy tale  
bubble)

And all the people are passing by, without

paying much attention

They are passing with the speed of letters under the eyes

With the speed of light beyond the failure of dreams

Sometimes, someone is asking: Which way?

And answers are pouring with sound of heavy rain,

And the actor, unfailing, impersonates them all

# **ODYSSEY**

**(A Comedy)**

**After five decades of growing up in school,**

**I'm all ingrained with its illusionary environment -**

**from the smell of with diesel cleaned floors in the 70ies,**

**to the flashes of today selfies taken by overjoyed kids**

**Moving through (and occasionally trampling on)**

**the weeds of teaching theories & schooling policies,**

**I neither won or lost some battle, all the way is a fragmentary,**

**stained glasslike landscape, here and there**

**continuously spotted by short and, once in a while, long**

**long wavelengths**

**My shadow on the white wall of the apartment terrace -**

**a smaller I, the shadowy childhood flagging all the years,**

**mushrooming memories, mixed in various recipes, a useless drug**

**Even so - redeeming.**

**I had, I have**

**a beautiful life...**

**museal one**



## *Signs*

Slicing the words

In search of a meaning

Confusing layers

Curious breeding

Childish play

Too late and insane

Deconstruction of dome

Rambling array

No way to rhyme your body

Although it is nailed by the stars

Your stare is a trivial blank verse

A title page for in heart

enshrouded scars

## *The Best Of -*

As simple as that -

An assortment of pain & joy in a grand bouquet

The shortlist of tags tailing the verb *to be*

is rolling inside every head, white-black movie,

vintage memories & all sort of snobbery

Everyone is pushed for an interview with fate

Everyone is losing the job for eternity

## *"The Noise & Nonsense Of The Times"*

All I have been through  
is far far away

The present is only the eyelid  
over the past

From the rope of the horizon  
Are hanging the dreams - Aurora  
of once upon a time  
Tempting eyelashes

## *The Trial*

Lonely,  
on a lonely planet,  
in a lonely universe -  
perfect setting  
for a “philosopher”,  
put down from a supposed paradise,  
down in the general death row,  
handing out his *Weltanschauung*,  
a perfect, useless crime